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# GARFIELD GLEANER

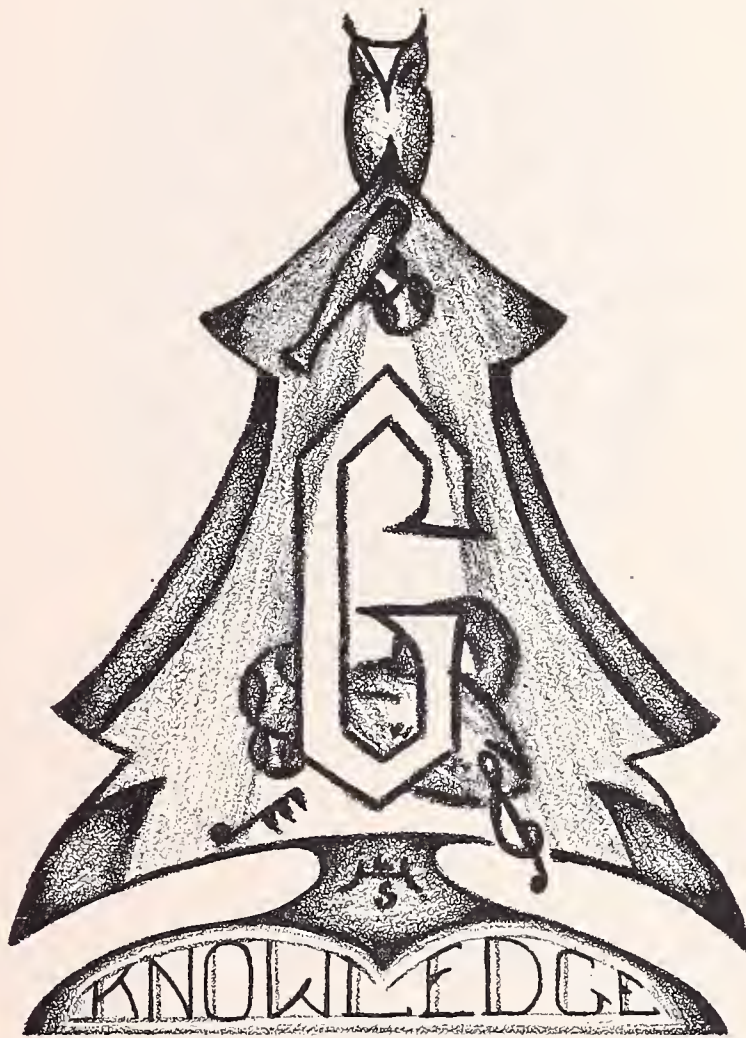
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DECEMBER  
1930



# Garfield Gleaner



—Lou Harrison.

Garfield Junior High School  
Berkeley, California  
December, 1930



*TO GARFIELD'S beloved Secretary, Miss MaBelle Cannon, whose efficiency, courtesy, kindness, and never-failing patience during her seven years' service, have won her the esteem and confidence of every girl and boy, man and woman, connected with the school, we affectionately dedicate the Christmas, 1930, issue of the Gleaner.*

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE TO GRADUATES

"Life is a sheet of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two — and then comes night.  
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time  
For but a line, be that sublime!  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

In the files of the Garfield office is a set of record-sheets, upon which are written long lists of names. The first record bears the date, "June, 1911," the last, "June, 1930." In a few days there will be added a record dated "December, 1930" — a list of one hundred forty names — and the grand total of Garfield graduates will have reached the impressive number: four thousand and forty-six.

It is an honorable company in which you boys and girls of the December class will soon find ourselves. In the nineteen years since that first class graduated, hundreds and hundreds of Garfield alumni have grown to worthy manhood and womanhood, have established themselves in business, and professions, and homes, and are leading happy, prosperous, successful lives.

We wish that every member of this year's class might bear constantly in mind the closing line of the quotation which heads this message: "Not failure but low aim is crime." To succeed in the new environment which you will enter you must have an aim. You may not be called upon to carry the message of truth and progress into the heart of India, as was Walter Griffiths, member of the class of December, 1913; your name may not become familiar throughout the world like that of Helen Wills, Garfield; June, 1920. But the boy or girl without an aim gets nowhere that is worth reaching. Change your course if that seems best, but do not drift. A rudderless ship does not reach the harbor.

Your Garfield teachers who have faithfully aided your progress during the past three years hope that you have become firmly established in habits of honesty, industry, ambition, self-reliance, and unselfishness. We hope that the words which you will write upon Life's "sheet of paper white" will be words showing strength of character, steadfastness of purpose, ambition to be of helpful service, love of beauty and truth.

The Roman word of farewell, "Vale," carried with it the idea of "Forever." We shall not say "Vale." Our Anglo-Saxon "Good-bye" is a contraction of a more fitting expression. December Class of 1930, your Garfield teachers mean it most sincerely when they say farewell to you with the old meaning of "Good-bye" — "God be with you."

D. L. HENNESSEY.

FACULTY

HENNESSEY, D. L.	Principal
CANNON, MA BELLE	Secretary
ABBOTT, MRS. LESLIE	MALLY, ALFREDA
ARCHER, MRS. KATE W.	MARTIN, HELEN
ARENDT, MARION, <i>Counselor</i>	MORSE, BLANCHE
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BELLUS, MRS. RUTH	PATTON, BESS'E
BGEHNE, FRED	PATTON, ELIZABETH
BRINNAN, MRS. MINNIE T.	PERRY, H. D.
BRUBAKER, EMMA	RILEY, IRMA
BRUSH, CHARLOTTE	RUSS, MRS. HELEN, <i>Counselor</i>
CHASTAIN, HAROLD E.	SMITH, MRS. IVA
COLLAR, GLADYS	STOUT, HARRIET
CORLEY, HAROLD P.	WHITE, IRMA
DAVIS, MRS. DOROTHY	WHITE, MRS. PEARL H.
DYSON, MRS. MARGARET	WHITNEY, ROSLYN MAE
FLANDERS, F. A.	WILSON, FLORA
FRASER, ANNIE MILLS	SPECIAL TEACHERS
GAVIN, MRS. ISABEL	MINZYK, JOHN, <i>Band and Orchestra</i>
GAY, ADELLA	HOBBS, MARTIN, <i>Brass</i>
GOODE, BEATRICE	KUNDY, ERNEST, <i>Drums</i>
GRAY, MRS. MINNA	ROBINSON, MRS. IDA, <i>Piano</i>
GPOEFSEMA, CHRISTINE	SALISBURY, RAY, <i>'Cello</i>
GROVER, HARRIET	SCHOTT, VICTOR, <i>Violin</i>
HAMSHER, ALICE	WEISS, JOSEPH, <i>Brass</i>
HOOVER, MRS. EVIE	FOSTER, GEORGIA P., <i>Nurse</i>
HUGHES, SAMUEL	KING, CLARA, <i>Playground Director</i>
JOHNSON, MRS. NOLA	PAINE, GEORGE, <i>Playground Director</i>
KELTON, GENEVIEVE, <i>Counselor</i>	MENAFEE, MRS. DOLLY P., <i>Cafeteria Manager</i>
KIDWELL, RUTH	PETTIT, MRS. BESSIE L., <i>Matron</i>
KILKENNY, MRS. MYRTLE	D'OLIVERA, ANTONE, <i>Janitor</i>
KLEEBERGER, MRS. HELEN	EDWARDS, W. A., <i>Janitor</i>
LAURENS, HELEN	ODEM, JOSEPH, <i>Janitor</i>
LAWSON, MRS. CLENNIE	HOAG, JACK, <i>Janitor</i>
LFLAND, S. J.	
LOWREY, MARY	

EDITORIAL

Lately, there has been a great amount of discussion on the subject of the "modern" boy and girl. From the use of this term, one gathers "we moderns" are a gay, careless, lot. Webster defines this much-used word as something pertaining to the present world. Following this usage, might not this name be applied to our Garfield Student Body?

During this short term, wonderful progress has been made in the clearance of the tennis court debt. The Student Association also showed its school spirit in the financing of the golf course. By means of various school activities, many improvements have been made to the school in general. This, with due respect to Calvin Coolidge, is progress. And progress is the spirit of the modern world.

Considering this, one finds that the students of Garfield truly deserve the name "modern."

THE EDITOR.



## GLEANER STAFF

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*Typing*, JANE KENDALL

ASSISTANTS

Alice Shaw, Margery Sheets

*Cover design by Lillian Lawrence*



## STUDENT OFFICERS



## STUDENT LEADERS

### STUDENT OFFICERS

<i>President</i> . . . . .	MORRIS HOPSON	<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	CHARLES PATTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM BOONE	<i>Girls' Athletic Manager</i> . . . . .	MARY MASTERS
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	BETTY HAWKS	<i>Social Secretary</i> . . . . .	BETTY JANE CLARK

### STUDENT COURT

Max Fiedler, Addison Strong, Rush Clark, Bud Ray, Margaret Cleghorn, Jane Anderson, Helen Foss, Pauline Webb.

### STUDENT LEADERS

Top Row—Suzanne Gould, Betty Hawks, Claire Laumeister, Margaret Cleghorn, Dorothy Templeton, Iris Shafter, Jane Anderson.

Second Row—Calla Smallwood, Laurie Hawks, Mary Masters, Helen Foss, Esther Oas, Jean Birkland.

Top Row—George Davis, Max Fiedler, Bill Ogilvie, Lenwood Loung, Earl Mann, Bill Macnamara, Jack Zwnusha.

Second Row—Gerald Hurlburt, Bill Lambert, Norman Yates, Jack Glavinovich, Bill Boone, Donald Borden, Albert Morgan.

### CABINET REPRESENTATIVES

Low 7—Marvis Campbell, Jean Mallary, Lois Paine, Walter Swedberg, George West, Bernard Woolf.

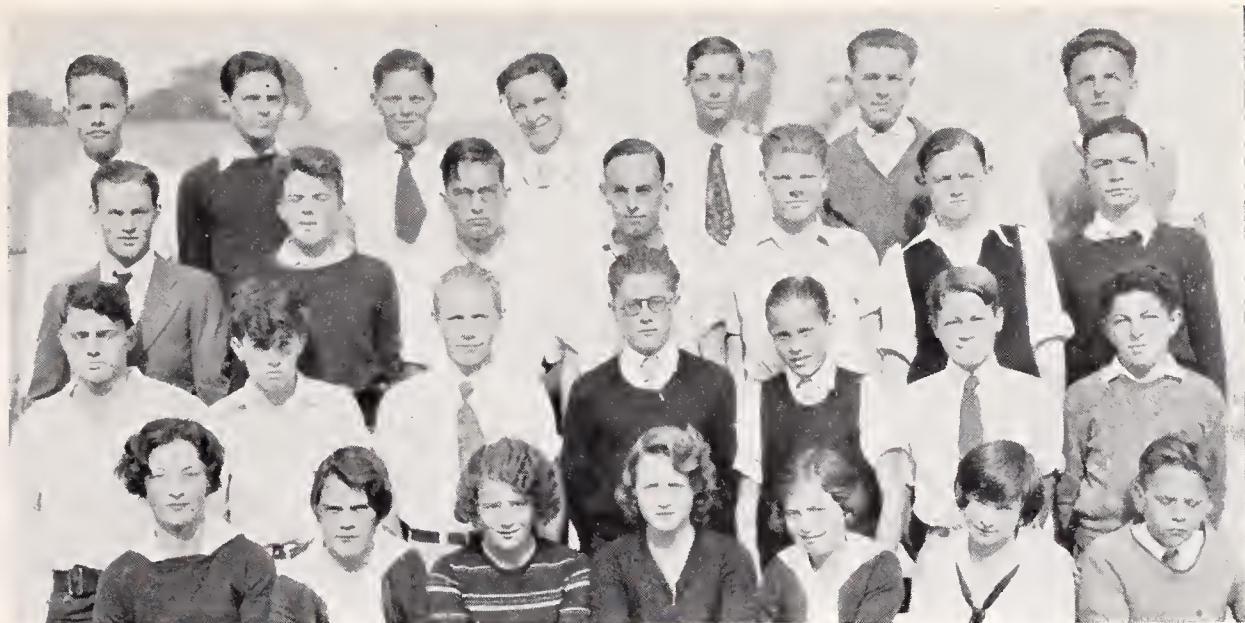
High 7—McIver Dalrymple, Hadee Dewey, Benny Hugel, Jack Saunders, Carl Wilson.

Low 8—Ethel Johnson, Louise Ann King, Harvey Lyman, Marie McKnight, George Reed, Jane Scovil.

High 8—Robert Boone, Laurance Dickey, Vernon Peck, Ann Ponedel, Willis Schellenberg.

Low 9—Laurance Arpin, Dorothy Cugley, John Davies, Charles Goebel, Oliver Hole, Elton Nippres.

High 9—Jack Gazzale, Suzanne Gould, Bill McNamara, Albert Morgan, Jack Zivnusha.



#### MRS. KILKENNY'S ADVISORY

Ted Abstein—"Were silence golden, I'd be a millionaire."

Henry Bailey—"I bear a charmed life."

Dave Clinton—"No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir."

Courtland Banfield—"Press not a falling man too far!"

Jack Connolly—"And swift-moving Mercury in him seemed personified."

George Eveland—"But I am constant as the northern star."

Max Fiedler—"There's not to reason why,  
"There's but to do or die."

Bill Freeborn—"I was born to other things."

Philip Hawkins—"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Patricia Hughes—"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low—"

Harold Ingold—"Why dost thou run so many miles about?"

Jane Kendall—"If she will, she will,  
And there's an end on't."

Dan Langford—"By your lady, he is a good musician."

Woodworth Le Count—"Lend me your ears."

Helen Lindquist—"As cold as any stone."

Linwood Loring—"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was."

Elmer Maddox—"His life is gentle."

Harold Mead—"Cunning in music,—  
And the mathematics?—"

Sally Merritt—"My life is like a stroll upon the beach."

Violet Moreton—"Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep."

Albert Morgan—"We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it."

William Ogilvie—"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

Charles Patterson—"He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Gordon Roberts—"I had a thing to say—  
But let it go."

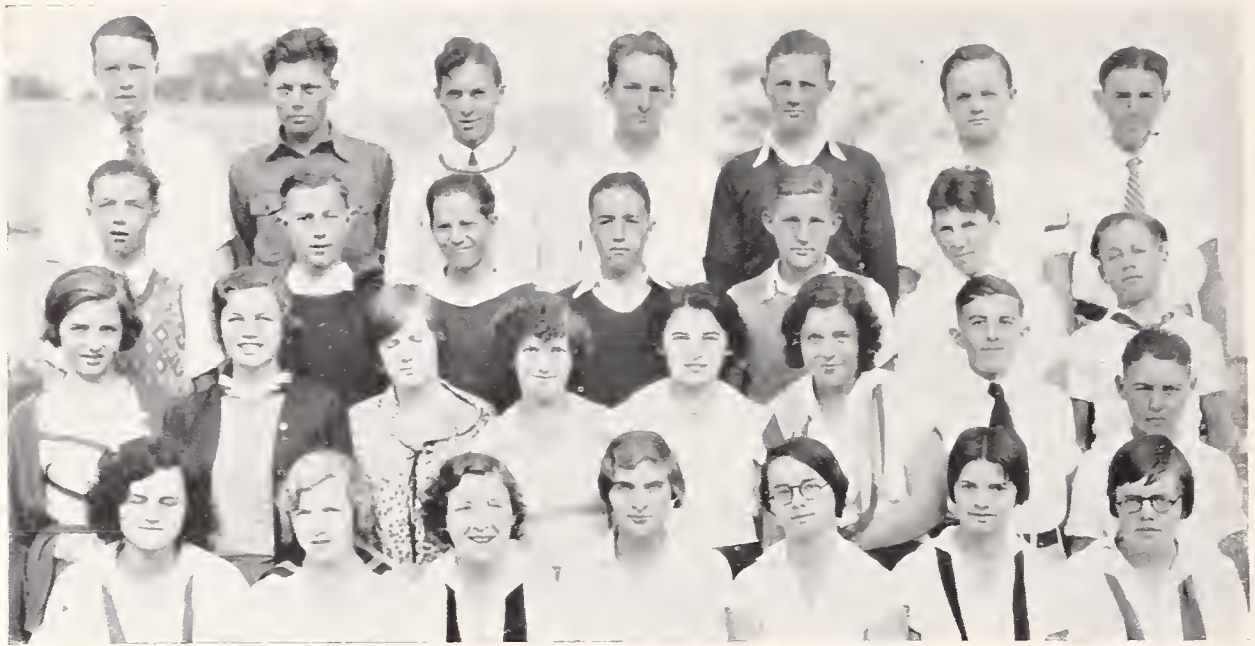
Fern Rucker—"Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

William Scheibner—"Not to be scorned, because he was little of stature."

Warren Weston—"He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still."



One chapter of our school life now is ended,  
Our goal long sought has come within our view,  
Yet 'tis with lingering footsteps that we leave here,  
And often shall our thoughts return to you,  
O Garfield, with your days of joy and pleasure!  
To you, kind friend, we now must say "Adieu."



#### MISS LAURENS' ADVISORY

Adolphson, Stanley—"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Anderson, Roland—"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting."

Bernard, Marie—"With volleys of eternal babble."

Borden, Donald—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

Boyers, Virginia—"Oh, this learning! What a thing it is."

Campbell, Alice—"But while listening Senates hang upon thy tongue."

Campbell, Ernest—"Winds and waves favor the best navigators."

Capser, Georgina—"And reason says you are the worthier maid."

Cleghorn, Margaret—"For she hath blessed and attractive eyes."

Cook, Ralph—"What he greatly thought, he nobly dared."

Deluchi, Bernice—"Light as any wind that blows, so fleetly did she stir."

Garner, Doris—"A picture is a poem without words."

Gazzale, Jack—"Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more."

Glavinovich, Jack—"Even though vanquished he could argue still."

Hall, Bill—"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Hard, Mae—"She is good as she is fair."

Hawks, Laurie—"She was a vixen when she went to school."

Hurlburt, Gerald—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Jones, Melvin—"So much to do, so little done."

Jones, Shepard—"Then he will talk—ye gods, how he will talk."

Kelly, Evangeline—"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

Lucey, John—"The wildest colts make the best horses."

Lawrence, Lillian—"Her charms strike the sight, but her merits win the soul."

McGowan, Charlotte—"Reproof on her lip, but a smile in here eye."

Mecorney, David—"Fortune favors the daring."

Richards, James—"Music is the universal language of mankind."

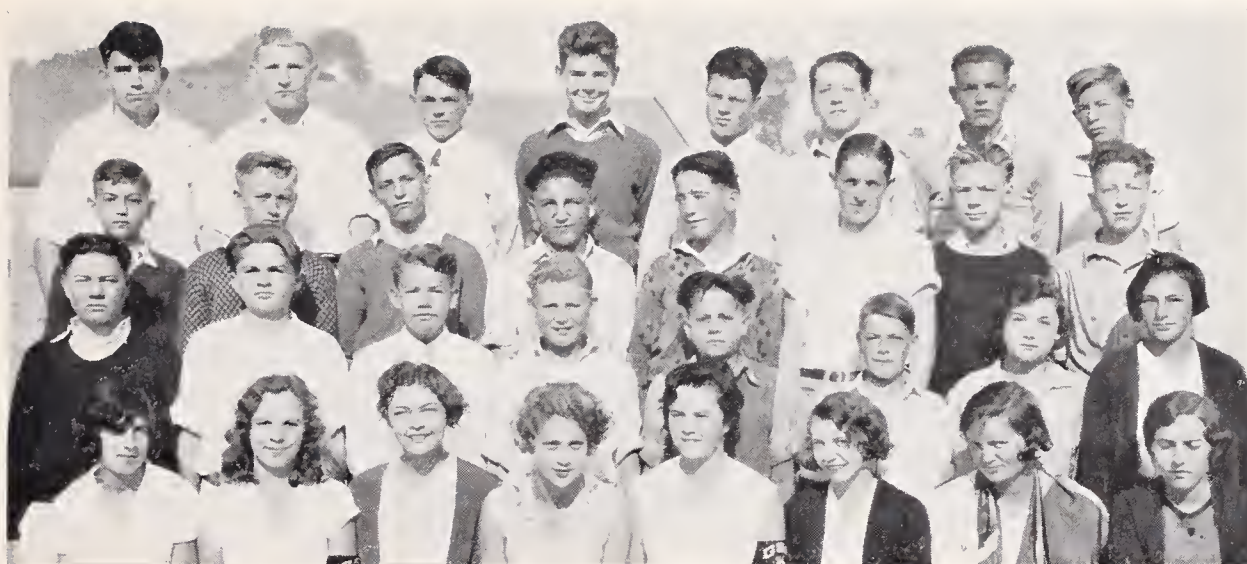
Ruedrick, Walter—"Of stature short, but genius high."

Samson, Nadine—"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth."

Saxton, Edwin—"He is a wise man who speaks but little."

Straefer, Iris—"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Weir, Edith—"Thou whose locks outshine the sun, whose eyes are blue as the fairy flax."



# MISS FRASER'S ADVISORY

NAME	WHAT THEY'LL BE
David Baker . . . . .	Radio Announcer, KQIC
Jean Berg . . . . .	Gum Tester
Philip Breck . . . . .	Ballast on a Battleship
Roy De Gierre . . . . .	Algebra Teacher
Howard Dixon . . . . .	A Graduate(?)
Clifford Dowell . . . . .	Spanish Professor
Linwood Duggan . . . . .	Cigar Tester
Glenn Durstan . . . . .	Answer to a Maiden's Prayer
Jane Ellis . . . . .	Kindergarten Teacher
Helen Foss . . . . .	Opera Singer
Leonard Frater . . . . .	John Philip Sousa II
John Grannell . . . . .	Six-foot Prize Fighter
Doris Hanson . . . . .	English Teacher
Marion Hazleton . . . . .	History Teacher
Donald Heck . . . . .	Follies Manager
Bob Holmes . . . . .	All-American Football Player
Morris Hopson . . . . .	Romantic Error
Stuart Hyde . . . . .	Minister

NAME	WHAT THEY'LL BE
Bob Juch . . . . .	Puncher for Swiss Cheese Factory
John Lockhart . . . . .	Owner of 50 Branch Chain Stores
June Mallary . . . . .	Missionary
Charles Mandatory . . . . .	Charley Paddock II
Wm. MacNamara . . . . .	<i>Ideal</i> Butter and Egg Man
Winifred Mineard . . . . .	Tight Rope Walker
Herbert Minster . . . . .	Scout Master
Donald Perkins . . . . .	Will Jones II
Richard Ray . . . . .	Soda Jerker
Ed Rawlinson . . . . .	Bill Tilden Jr.
Alice Shaw . . . . .	Miss America
Addison Strong . . . . .	Poser for Arrow Collar Ads
Dorothy Templeton . . . . .	Somebody's Sweetheart
Edwin Towner . . . . .	Piano Wrecker
Leonard Walker . . . . .	Beer Baron
Meryle Weyand . . . . .	Somebody's Stenog
Jean Whitbeck . . . . .	Irish Interpreter
Helen Wolfenden . . . . .	Housekeeper



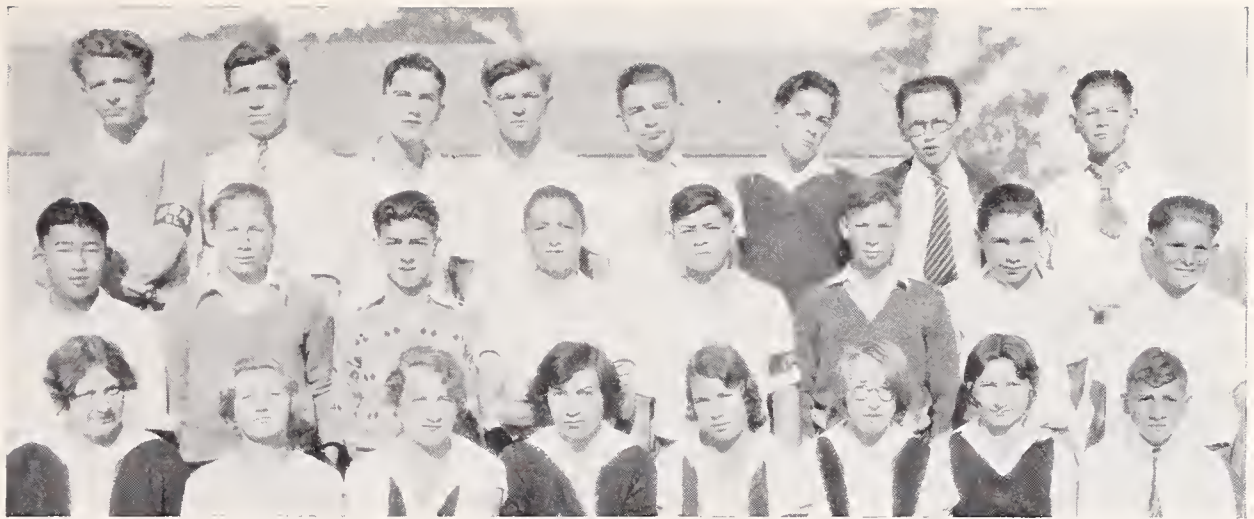
### MISS BARRY'S ADVISORY

NAME	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION
Jane Anderson . . . . .	It all depends . . . . .	Ghost
Betty Jane Clark . . . . .	I'm off the boys . . . . .	Old Maid
Eileen Davis . . . . .	Horse-feathers . . . . .	Communist
Eleanor Dawson . . . . .	Toodlelous . . . . .	Traveler
Mary Catherine Finch . . . . .	Ho! Ho! . . . . .	Sunday School Teacher
Dorothy Garner . . . . .	Oh, fudge . . . . .	Artist
Suzanne Gould . . . . .	He's just darling . . . . .	French Model
Betty Hawks . . . . .	I'll bite . . . . .	"Private" Secretary
Leahdore Holcomb . . . . .	Where's Jack? . . . . .	Painter
Helen Honore . . . . .	I'll be seeing you . . . . .	Dancer
Grace Kolb . . . . .	What do you mean? . . . . .	Dog and Cat Specialist
Gertrude Kuivala . . . . .	I wish Phyllis was here . . . . .	Globe Trotter
Claire Laumeister . . . . .	You'll never know . . . . .	French Teacher
Mary Masters . . . . .	Hew-dee . . . . .	A Second Babe Ruth
Edith Raftery . . . . .	Blow me down . . . . .	Latin Scholar
Ethel Rodriques . . . . .	What's our French? . . . . .	French Teacher
Marjorie Sheets . . . . .	Where's "Lea"? . . . . .	Painter
Margaret Stevenson . . . . .	That's bad . . . . .	English Teacher
Dorothy Tufts . . . . .	I don't know . . . . .	Queen's Taster
Mary Walker . . . . .	What a terrible assignment . . . . .	An Artist
Jeanette Wells . . . . .	Oh, my cow . . . . .	Dairy Maid



### FAREWELL TO GARFIELD

For three years now we worked and played  
 Within your walls of Golden Fame,  
 We've learned no matter what may come  
 We always have to play the game.  
 We've tried to learn what books can tell,  
 And how to read and write and spell.  
 We've learned of goals of every sort,  
 But most of all to be a sport.  
 Here, at the parting of our way,  
 We've one sincerest wish today:  
 That ever in our hearts may be,  
 That motto, "Truth and Loyalty."  
 And so we part with sadd'ning sighs,  
 The time has come for last good-byes.



MRS. ARCHER'S ADVISORY

NAME	FAVORITE SAYING
Jack Anderson . . . . .	You're no rose
Jean Birkland . . . . .	Oh! Goo!
George Bohart . . . . .	Got a library permit?
David Bunker . . . . .	Put a nickel in it
George Davis . . . . .	Time Out! Time out!
Ruth Ferguson . . . . .	Oh! my conscience!
Laura Fowler . . . . .	?—?—? !!! (Silence)
Richard Gall . . . . .	You're not so good
Gilbert Gaunt . . . . .	Aw, 'twas his fault
Elliot Harano . . . . .	Lend me your English
Billy Hebard . . . . .	Nice try
Dorothy Kinzel . . . . .	Snazzy!
Bill Lambert . . . . .	Well, seein' it's you--

NAME	FAVORITE SAYING
Gwyneth Llewellyn . . . . .	Got any gum?
Elinor Lorentzen . . . . .	Such slush
Jim Luthin . . . . .	Duck soup
John Richard . . . . .	Quit horsin' aroun'
Eugene Robinson . . . . .	I don' wanna
Ella Smallwood . . . . .	Whoops!
Edward Sherburne . . . . .	Oh, tha's all right
Ward Stewart . . . . .	What a crust
Don Townsend . . . . .	Who's ahead? What's the score?
Walter Whitlock . . . . .	I wish I was back in Bavaria
Norman Yates . . . . .	?—?—? !!! (More silence)
Jack Zivnuska . . . . .	Blow me down



## LIBRARY DAY

A loud shout arises from the Garfield School playground! The parade has begun! From the broad school doorway pour forth masses of bright rainbow-tinted colors, which as they draw closer begin to resemble knights, fair ladies, Spaniards, pirates, fairy tale folk, and many other amusing and fantastic characters. Suddenly the band breaks into a display of music nearly as colorful as that of the costumes. This is followed by a shower of applause. Sitting in a row are the judges, stern and dignified, who will decide the prizes. Admiring mothers are following with anxious eyes their gayly garbed children and the bright flickering sunlight is playing tricks on the costumes. Many little children have come to see their brothers and sisters parade and regard with great excitement their admired elders. These future scrubs are also stirred by Paul Revere, who comes prancing out from Colonial history to ride again on his famous errand. The paraders now are wending their way to the crowded auditorium to pass for the third time before the judges.

Afterwards, a splendid and colorful performance is given and directed mainly by the clever music teacher, Mrs. Smith. A dance in the "gym" completes the program and everyone agrees that this is one of the most amusing, delightful, and vivid Library Days Garfield has ever known.

CARA SAWYER, *Low Eighth.*

The Garfield annual Library Day was the most spectacular event of the season. It was held on the school premises on Friday, October seventeenth.

Practically the entire school of over 1100 pupils were arrayed in costume. Those few that did not partake of the festivities, were left out, and many a student wished he were taking part.

There were costumes of various types: quaint, humorous, original and beautiful. A parade was formed and after covering the entire playground, it marched through the corridors and across the stage of the auditorium.

A great number of parents and curious spectators watched the pompous promenade. What a fluent bubble of laughter, loud chattering, and joyous shouting rang through the crowded corridors! What a fluttering of brilliant garments!

There were maids from France and sunny Spain, and every character from fiction popped forth from between its familiar book covers and joined the gay procession.

Surely the hearts of the authors would have missed a beat to see their little book people so cleverly personified.

Would not the thoughtful gray eyes of Longfellow beam with admiration to see his "Evangeline" in her kirtle and cap — and "Paul Revere" on his sturdy steed?

Even the teachers entered into the spirit of the day, quite forgetting for a fleeting hour, their strictly disciplinary, superior, positions.

A splendid entertainment given in the afternoon added the last colorful touch to the day, and those who had tried to make Library Day a success, went home truly satisfied that they had achieved results.

PATRICIA GEARY, *Low Eighth.*

## "THE BIG TRAIL"

The "Dads of Garfield" theater party, "The Big Trail," attracted many Garfield pupils and parents, all of whom enjoyed the excellent picture. Much friendly rivalry was developed by the ticket sellers. Individuals making the largest sales were Ruth Healy, first; Curtis Smith, second; Masa Sugura, Katherine Vinter, Elsie Wicks and Donald White. Several others received honorable mention.

The total amount of ticket sales was over \$500, of which half goes to reduce the Garfield tennis debt.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE DADS' CLUB

The Dads' Club of Garfield, under the able leadership of C. A. Templeton, has been one of the liveliest organizations of the school this semester.

A choral club under the chairmanship of H. B. Kincaid, has been organized, and the members are planning for a concert sometime in March.

Mr. W. G. Watson is heading the School Improvement committee and plans for landscaping and improving the grounds are going forward.

A dancing party for fathers, mothers, sons and daughters given in the cafeteria on November 7 was a most delightful affair.

A theatre party on November 20 and 21 when "The Big Trail" was seen at the Fox U. C. theatre was the next entertainment planned by the Dads.

This year the club is assuming the sponsorship of two troupes of Boy Scouts — Troop 28, S. J. Leland, scoutmaster, and Troop 24, Fred Flanders, scoutmaster.

The officers for 1930-1931 are:

C. A. Templeton, President  
F. P. Lyman, Vice-President  
A. C. A. Sandner, Secretary  
Glen Johnson, Treasurer.

The Garfield student body should be very proud of such an interest in their welfare on the part of the Dads.

PATRICIA TUDBURY.

## THE DADS' CLUB PARTY

One of the social functions of this Fall was the party given by the Dads' Club, Friday evening, November 7, 1930, in the cafeteria. The room was decorated with gaily-colored streamers and balloons. A serpentine dance after supper added to the festive air. Before the real party began, there was a grand march. Then those who wished adjourned to the teachers' lunch room to play bridge or whist. There was an excellent five-piece orchestra and the dancing began with fervor, not stopping until refreshments were served at 10:30 o'clock. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, ice cream, cookies, doughnuts, coffee for adults and cider for young people. After supper the highest scores of those playing cards were announced. The dancing then continued until 11:30. I am sure a good time was had by all.

Her friends and admirers at Garfield are glad to note that Miss Ruth Waldo, Garfield, June, 1924, was selected as the representative of ten thousand University of California students to give the official welcome to President Robert Sproule. Ruth graduated from Garfield with NINE credits.

Garfield teachers are pleased with the official report of the Garfield students who completed Tenth Grade at the Berkeley High School last semester. There were 168 former Garfield students in the class. Of these, 52.9 per cent received recommending grades: "A's" and "B's." Garfield was at the top of the list by a margin of 10 per cent. The Gleaner hopes that future classes will keep up this fine record.

## OUR PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The Garfield P. T. A. is at its work again. As usual it has accomplished many things. It gives hot dishes and car tickets to students who need them and sponsors the dancing class. Mrs. Kelly, one of the mothers, is at the head of a committee that gave a feed to the winning volleyball team. No one has forgotten the eats we had on "Library Day." The P. T. A. furnished them. Come on!! Let's give 'em a hand!!!! This year's president is Mrs. Yelton.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

- AUGUST 11—School begins! Mow d'ye do, everybody!
- AUGUST 18—The G. S. A. drive starts. Show your school spirit.
- AUGUST 20—Bond Rally. Splendid program by students.
- AUGUST 22—First "Day of Silence." Sh-h-!
- AUGUST 26—Our clever Low 8 boys exhibit entries to State Fair.
- AUGUST 29—Teachers help give good program for G. S. A. Drive.
- SEPTEMBER 2—First meeting of P. T. A. (No Detention!!)
- SEPTEMBER 4—Inter-class Volleyball starts. 'Ray!
- SEPTEMBER 4—Eighth Grade dance, in gym. Some party!
- SEPTEMBER 5—Ninth Grade dance. Some more party!
- SEPTEMBER 8—Big meeting of the Boy Scouts.
- SEPTEMBER 10—Cabinet has important conference. Affairs of nation settled.
- SEPTEMBER 17—First Fire Drill. Be prepared!
- SEPTEMBER 18—Mr. Corley is manager of a dance!!
- SEPTEMBER 24—Football season opens!
- SEPTEMBER 29—Highbrows meet! Organization meeting of Honor Society.
- SEPTEMBER 30—Student Leaders named. From now on — law and order.
- SEPTEMBER 30—Election of Honor Society Officers. Highest highbrows.
- OCTOBER 3—Playground Jinx for Pee Wee Golf Course. Tap, tap, tap.
- OCTOBER 6—Tag Day! Be fashionable; wear a tag.
- OCTOBER 7—Captain Higgs speaks on Fire Prevention.
- OCTOBER 7—Low Eighth Evangelines and Gabriels give Poetical program.
- OCTOBER 17—Greatest Library Day ever! Marvelous parade! Block "G's" manage dance.
- OCTOBER 20—Mr. Hennessey disappears for week. Student Leaders run school!
- OCTOBER 20—Garfield up to date! Joy! Joy! Formal opening of Pee Wee Golf Course.
- OCTOBER 22—Good show, "Salute." (Three classes omitted.)
- OCTOBER 22—Fine concert by Garfield Orchestra.
- NOVEMBER 7—Garfield Dads give jolly party. 'Rah for Dads!
- NOVEMBER 10—Fine patriotic program by High Eighths.
- NOVEMBER 11—We're forced to stay away from school — Armistice Day.
- NOVEMBER 18, 19, 20—Some lovely English tests! Happy days!
- NOVEMBER 20, 21—Theater party at Fox U. C. for Tennis Courts.
- NOVEMBER 21—Library Day prizes awarded! Lucky winners!
- NOVEMBER 26—Barmecide Feast. Mr. Hennessey entertains Student Leaders.
- NOVEMBER 27, 28—Turkey Day! — and vacation to recover.
- DECEMBER 2—Prospective Low Sevens from North Berkeley schools entertained by Garfield Low 7's.
- DECEMBER 2—Music in the air. Glee Clubs and Orchestra give fine evening program for P. T. A.
- DECEMBER 3—Honor Society Party. Highbrows get giddy!
- DECEMBER 11—Graduation!!
- DECEMBER 12—School closes. Merry Christmas!

## GARFIELD AT THE STATE FAIR

For the last two years the Berkeley schools have entered exhibits in the State Fair at Sacramento, winning many awards. Garfield has, of course, won its share. The following is a list of this year's prize winners.

*Printing* — John Spaulding, Oliver Pitman, Shepard Jones, William Hebard, Marion Hazelton, William Hall, Burnett Canham, David Bunker.

*Mechanical Drawing* — Bob Mallary.

*Electrical Work* — William Applegate, Travis Bogard, Wilfred Bolduc, Earl Brewster, Ward Carlson, Douglas Clarke, John Doane, Lyle Dutro, Bob Fairchild, James Hart, Burton Marliave, Vernon Peck, Robert Pehrson, Ernest Polley, Willis Schellenberg, Bud Squires, Kistler Waggy, Arthur White, George Wills, Donald White.

## GLEANER CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

### STORIES, SEVENTH GRADE

Prize, Virginia Gerling, "To My Dog."

Honorable mention, Charlotte Beebe, "Autumn in California."

Honorable mention, Jane Malmgren, "Lucky's First Bath."

### STORIES, EIGHTH GRADE

Prize, Betty Jane Caldwell, "A Night at Garfield."

Honorable mention, Merle Cross, "A Trip Abroad."

Honorable mention, Jean Parkin, "Aboard an Ocean Liner."

### STORIES, NINTH GRADE

Prize, Marjory Sheets, "The Old Fisherman."

Honorable mention, Lotus Hewitt, "The Loveliest Princess that Ever Lived."

Honorable mention, Margaret Cleghorn, "Cowboy's Luck."

### POEMS, SEVENTH GRADE

Prize, Frances Colby, "Willow Tree, Emblem of Spring."

Honorable mention, Bob White, "A Poem."

Honorable mention, Frances Colby, "The Dawn of Peace."

### POEMS, EIGHTH GRADE

Prize, Lenore Hennessey, "My Pup."

Honorable mention, Norma Tomlinson, "At Evening."

Honorable mention, Betty Marx, "The Troopers."

### POEMS, NINTH GRADE

Prize, Patricia Tudbury, "Wedding of the Butterflies."

Honorable mention, Jeannette Bushnell, "Hallowe'en Adventure."

Honorable mention, Isobel Douglas, "An Arctic Tragedy."

### BEST COLLECTION OF JOKES

Prize, Ruth Joan Healey.

## LUCKY'S FIRST BATH

Lucky was a lively, fun-loving wire-haired terrier. He was a very valuable dog, and had a long pedigree, almost too long for such a little dog.

One day Lucky's little mistress, Marion (who was only six years old) decided to give him a bath. Her mother gave her a big tub, and some soap and water. Then Marion found a large scrubbing brush, to scrub Lucky with. Her mother carried the tub of water out into the back yard, where it would be easier to wash Lucky.

"Now be careful and gentle with Lucky, dear, because this is his first bath," said her mother.

"I will, mother," answered the little girl.

Her mother went into the house, leaving the child to wash the dog.

"Here Lucky! Here Lucky!" cried Marion.

Lucky hearing his mistress' voice came bounding into her arms. She laughed and prepared to give him a bath. Lucky was wondering what all of that soapy stuff was anyway, when his little mistress picked him up and dropped him unceremoniously into the tub. Lucky yelped, but as the water was warm, he decided it wasn't so bad after all. Then getting bolder he thought he would taste it. But one taste was enough for him. It didn't taste the way it looked.

Finally Marion decided he was clean enough. She took him out of the tub and commenced to dry him. Lucky thought she was trying to play with him. He jumped away from her and stood looking at her with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Come here, Lucky, you naughty dog," Marion cried impatiently.

"Woof! Woof!" was the only answer.

"Lucky! Will you come here?"

Then Marion began to get angry with Lucky, and she started to chase him. Lucky was delighted that Marion had decided to play with him. So he ran all over the yard with Marion at his heels. Lucky began to think that the back yard was too small to run in. When he came near the gate he dashed through, running into the front yard.

Marion was all tired out by this time but she managed to run through the gate after naughty little Lucky. When she reached the front yard, she was so much out of breath that she sat right down on the steps.

Lucky was quite surprised to see his little mistress sit down. He ran up to her wagging his tail. But when Marion put out her hand to grab him he jumped away. Marion decided to chase him again. Then that naughty, naughty little dog ran over to a big pile of dirt and deliberately rolled over and over in it.

Marion burst into tears. Her mother hearing the commotion, looked out of the window and saw what had happened. She laughed and went outside to comfort her daughter.

"Stop crying, dear, we will give Lucky another bath," her mother said gently.

So Lucky had another bath and was made to understand, that rolling in the dirt after a bath was forbidden.

JANE MALMGREN, *High Seventh*.

## MISTLETOE

The mistletoe plant never takes root in the ground. It is what is called a parasite, for it grows from the trunks of trees. The mistletoe appears bushy, with many forking branches, sometimes four feet long.

The trees it is found on most are the poplar, willow, mountain ash, and maple. In England it is found mostly on apple trees.

The mistletoe is said to bring good luck as long as it does not touch the ground. That is why usually when we see it we see it overhead.

JANET LERCH, *Low Seventh*.

## A NIGHT AT GARFIELD

"Ho hum, oh-h-h dear! Gee, it's dark! I wonder if Mom and Dad are in bed yet?  
!!Unk! Ugh! Ow-w-w-w!"

"Say-y, where's the door? Where did all those windows come from?"

"I know, I'm at school. How did I get here?"

"Why it's Miss Patton's room. Let me see —where's the light? There now, that's better."

Jimmy turned around and saw all of the desks and articles in the room gathered around a picture of Evangeline!

"And then," said Evangeline, "he said that *I* lived at the base of a *mine* in South Africa!"

"That was when he was reading 'Pearl Divers in Africa,' instead of studying me," offered Jimmy's English book.

"Wasn't it awful?" remarked the blackboard, "when he wrote on *me* that the three parts of speech are an interjection, a conjunction and a *junction*!" The last was too much for the poor old blackboard.

Jimmy decided he'd better be going. He found the door and backing out softly, closed it. The hall was dark all around him, he heard voices complaining, "Jimmy did this or that," or "isn't he impossible!"

Suddenly, the entrance to the auditorium was brilliantly lighted, and out of the door came President Garfield.

"Yes," said Garfield to Washington and Lincoln, who accompanied him, "we must do something about it. A person like that is a disgrace to the school."

These three men were idols in Jimmy's eyes, so, shyly, he started to walk out, but just then a beautiful Spanish girl came hurrying along.

"Senor," she said to Mr. Washington, "what punishment have you decided upon for the naughty boy?"

After overhearing the foregoing conversations, Jimmy realizing that he must be the "naughty boy," slipped quietly upstairs. Upon reaching the top, he was startled to see many people in the halls. Books, pencils, pictures, and things of all nationalities. He heard loud laughing at the other end of the hall, and the people around him separated as a large being came his way. In front of it there was a large sign on which was written, in big letters, "Detention Room"!

"Whom have you gotten this week?" asked a lovely lady.

"Ho, Ho! I've had Jimmy Douglas every day," Detention Room answered, "If it's not been for tardiness, it was for something else."

Jimmy, frightened by Detention Room's looks and voice, hurried downstairs. When he reached the landing, his foot slipped. Down he went, head over heels, till plop! he sat up, and looked into the eyes of Mr. Lincoln! But no, it wasn't Mr. Lincoln — why, it was Dad's face. He was purple with rage.

"Jimmy," he bellowed, "will you ever get up? You've got exactly thirty minutes till school starts!"

"Oh, I'm too sleepy," grunted Jimmy, and turning over, looked into the leering eyes of Detention Room!

Scrambling out of bed, he flung on his clothes, dashed down to breakfast, and hurried off to school.

"I'll never be late again," he promised his mother, and he never was!

## ABOARD AN OCEAN LINER

An ocean liner sailed from Germany, carrying with it an interesting "collection" of passengers.

The steerage was packed with a motley crowd of dirty, brightly dressed foreigners. One of the smaller children, in particular, struck my fancy.

She was not quite as ragged as the rest, and she appeared to be quite contented, squatting on the deck, clasping a rag doll in one hand, and a large chunk of dry bread in the other. She made a gay spot of color on the dull days aboard.

This little girl was dressed in a queer, tight fitting waist with large, baggy sleeves. Her full flannel skirt that came to her ankles was striped red and green. Over her plump little shoulders was thrown a bright orange shawl.

Her face was round and rosy; her eyes a soft blue, and her hair a peculiar yellow. Her parents seemed shiftless and took no notice of her.

After the boat anchored, we saw her carried off, high on her father's shoulders, laughing gleefully.

That was the last time I saw her, but my thoughts have often returned to her. I hope that someday I shall see her again.

JEAN PARKIN, *Low Eighth*.

## A TRIP ABROAD

Betty Laurence was seventeen years old. She had just graduated from high school and a wealthy aunt of hers had offered to take her abroad, but Betty's mother objected. She thought her daughter too young to travel. After much begging and pleading on her part, Betty was allowed to go.

From June until July 21, most of Betty's time was spent in the preparing of her wardrobe and the anticipation of Europe. She remembered the books she had read of Venice, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Paris. Paris, oh how she had longed to see it and now her dream was about to come true.

After what seemed years, July twenty-first arrived. There was a hustle and a bustle as the train pulled out with Betty on it. She was to meet her aunt in New York and then on the twenty-sixth of July, they would sail on the steamship Leviathan.

Landing on the other side, they visited Venice, Naples, and Monte Carlo. Then came Paris.

Paris was almost as Betty had dreamed it. Beautiful art galleries, museums, parks, and last, but not least, the beautiful Seine river. One thing she had not pictured, though, was the customs of the people. She was surprised when walking down a street in Paris, to find some tables on the sidewalk with people eating at them. There were many other strange French customs also.

Betty and her aunt were planning a month stay in Paris, and, as the time was nearly up, last minute shopping was begun.

The day before they left, Betty and her aunt had appointments in different places. They had agreed upon a meeting place and when the aunt arrived, there was no Betty. She waited a half hour, and then she went to the dressmaker's to find that Betty had left long ago. She started a search and an hour later she found poor Betty wandering around the streets.

The next day they sailed for the states, with the intention of coming back to see what they had missed.

MERLE CROSS, *High Eighth*.

## COWBOY'S LUCK

It was a typical Arizona July day. The sun beat down relentlessly on the hot sands of rolling desert country near the border of Mexico. Behind a large boulder was crouched the figure of a man. The man was clothed in leather trousers of Indian design, spurred boots, and a buckskin jacket. His lean, weather-tanned face was forward in a listening attitude to where the sound of voices was coming.

About ten yards away from the boulder were standing two people. One of them was a young woman of around twenty, the man thought. She was dressed in riding habit, and was very pretty excepting for the great amount of lipstick and rouge that she had on her face. Her skin was white, showing that she wasn't used to being in the sun. Her face, just now, registered distress. Her companion, a rough and dirty looking man, was talking violently, and pointing to an unclean, white horse, standing near.

"Well," the man was saying in an attempt at gentle tones, "since your horse ran away, you can just hop on this horse of mine, with me, and I'll take you to the camp."

"Thank you," the girl replied to this well meant proposal, "but I don't care to ride with you. I can wait here till somebody comes for me."

"As I said before," he answered sarcastically, "it's getting dark, and you'll starve, or freeze."

"I won't come," the girl said, decidedly.

"I'll make you, then," he answered, and he caught her, struggling, in a vise-like grip.

Like a flash the man behind the rock jumped on the struggling pair. The roughneck was hurled to the ground. The girl instantly went to his side.

"Are you hurt, Mac?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I don't think so," he answered, getting to his feet.

"What's all this fuss about?" said a man in a commanding voice, who had joined them. He had on white linen and carried a megaphone in his hand. "That fellow who attacked you, Mac, spoiled about 100 feet of film. Who is he?"

"I'm Joe Baker," said the handsome stranger. "I reckon I made a mistake. I thought you, Miss," nodding toward the young woman, "were being kidnapped, and I just naturally ——"

"Yes," said the director, "We know what you 'just naturally' did."

"By jove, though," said the assaulted man, "you did it well," and he rubbed a rapidly swelling lump on his head.

"How would you like to act for me?" asked the director. "You can ride, and you have a good voice."

"That would be fine," said Joe, smiling into the girl's eyes.

"All right," said the director. "Do that scene again, folks, and this time," he added, looking at Joe, "come in a little more slowly."

MARGARET CLEGHORN, *High Ninth*.

## SAILING

I'd like to go a sailing,  
A sailing on the sea.  
There are so many, many  
Things that I could see.  
There are battle ships and sailing ships,  
And ships both large and small,  
I'd like to go a sailing  
Upon them one and all.

JEROME ROBERTS, *Low Eighth*.

## SANTA CLAUS CLUB

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control, the Garfield clubs have been greatly restricted in number during the present semester. However, Santa Claus must be on the job, he can never take time-out. The Santa Claus Club has met daily to make toys for the needy children of Berkeley. The products of the club this year include wagons, jumping jacks, toy chairs, walking geese, ducks, etc. Pupils of the art department, under the direction of Miss Kidwell, have made a valuable contribution by prettily decorating twenty-five toy tables and fifty chairs. The members of the club are Myrle Dickie, President; Tolman White, Secretary; Herbert Yates, Clifford Dowell, Jim Sawyer.

## THE OLD FISHERMAN

He was old and weather-beaten, and so were his clothes. But there was an expression of supreme content upon his tanned face as he sat on the edge of the wharf with his legs dangling over. In his mouth was a pipe that had been new and sweet in the dear, dead long ago, and in his right hand he held a fishing rod. The end of the line was held to the bottom of the river, a small reminder of Neptune's great realms, a long distance from the shore.

"Any luck, Captain?" asked a young man strolling by. It is considered the proper thing to call every man along the river, who is old and weather-beaten, "Captain."

"Nope — they ain't a-bitin' much today."

"They don't bite much anyway these days, do they?"

"Nope, not like they useter. 'T useter be so't I could come down here and catch a basket-full in mebbe an hour or so."

"That was quite long ago, wasn't it?"

"Yep, quite a spell ago. I 'member one time —— hello!"

The old man had given the line a quick jerk and was now all excited.

"Got a bite, Captain?"

"Yep, an' he's a whopper, too. I ain't quite sure whether I've hooked him. Yep, there he is. I feel him a-wigglin' on the line. He's a great, big, striped bass."

All this was said in a sort of stage whisper.

"How do you know what kind of a fish it is?"

"How do I know?" repeated the old man, as he began slowly and deliberately to haul in the line.

"How do I know? Why, young man, I can tell jes' what kind of fish 'tis by the way he bites. Now, there's an eel; he kind o' makes little bits o' pecks at yer line, an' then he takes holt an' swims away with yer line sort o' easy like. Then there's the sucker; he jes' sucks the bait, an' ye can't hardly feel him pull. An' there's the yellow perch; he takes holt right away and swims away like a streak."

"And how does the striped bass bite?" interrupted the young man.

"Oh, he fools around awhile, and then he takes holt all of a sudden and swims away down stream. I knowed right away when this fellow took holt, he was a striped bass. I never make no mistake. I ——"

Just then the old man's catch came to the surface. It was an old boot.

MARJORIE SHEETS, *High Ninth*.

## THE LOVELIEST PRINCESS THAT EVER LIVED

Princess Palm Leaf of Cocoanut Isle,  
Was sunning herself on a sassafras pile.

A muttered curse was heard. A stranger! She smiled and smacked her lips, for a stranger means dinner to a cannibal. Princess Palm Leaf was an enthusiastic cannibal.

Going down to the shore she stumbled over one of the Apollos of our race, shipwrecked Pat O'Collins. Flaming hair, beard, face, and freckles, appeared from under the sand.

A slight whistle from her highness brought a band of warriors to her side. Pat was then placed in the palace pantry.

Every day the princess called, and, like the witch in Hansel and Gretel, felt his finger. At last the great day came. A banquet was to be prepared. The lovely princess adorned herself in banana leaves and cocoanut fibers. She wore a necklace of teeth, the teeth of former dinners.

Such wild singing and dancing! Soon the time came for the main entrée. The fair princess appeared nervous.

"I will fetch him myself," she declared.

Time passed. No princess or entrée came. The watch hastened to a neighboring hill. Far in the distance, lighted by the fading rays of the sun, the watch beheld the beautiful princess and the handsome dinner rapidly disappearing.

LOTUS HEWITT, *Low Ninth*.

## THE DAWN OF PEACE

The war god in anger danced fast o'er the field  
Relentlessly sending brave men to their graves,  
And many were they that fell beneath his dread curse  
By the pitiless hand that spares none, nor none saves.

And many who died were in manhood's full prime,  
And many lost hope for their well lov'd realm,  
For they saw the dear state ship toward dark ruin steered —  
With Mars stern and merciless fixed at the helm.

When suddenly over the dark field of blood,  
In triumph Aurora her chariot drove,  
And in the wing'd car sat fair Peace, olive crowned,  
As with soothing caresses she stilled her white dove.

All-merciful Peace stood in power and love,  
And the fierce war god, Mars, who before showed no fright  
Now trembled and fell at her feet in the dust.  
When she stands in her glory, there's blessing and light.

FRANCES LEONA COLBY, *High Seventh*.

In honor of Armistice Day, 1930.

## NAVAJO SAND PAINTINGS

One of the most ancient arts of the Navajo Indians is that of sand painting. Certain races of Indians expressed their inspirations by drawing. For many years the Navajo tribe has guarded and kept secretive its sand paintings. Miss Armer of Berkeley is the first woman who has ever been permitted to watch one of these paintings being done. Each painting represents a chant; each chant has a group of paintings. How many it is difficult to say because of the secretiveness of the Indians.

In 1925, Miss Armer was first allowed to watch the process of a painting and also to photograph it. Ever since that time she has been studying and working with the Navajo Indians.

In place of a brush, the Indian takes pinches of red, yellow, white, and brown sand, sometimes rock, which he grinds with his fingers. He then pours it into regular symbolic designs. They form the pictures on a canvas of light tan sand which is evenly spread on the ground.

The paintings are destroyed at sunset the same day they are made, after the ceremonial has been performed.

The Navajos are said to be the greatest painters in the world. The origin of this art is lost, but it was probably first practiced in the deserts of Asia, for it was first heard of there.

MARY LOU BAILEY, *Low Seventh*.

## THE LIFE OF A ROSE

There was a small rose bush in the garden of the country yard.

One day in spring, sometime in March, a little bud came out on the rose bush.

The bud looked up into the sky which was very smooth and clear, and stretched her arms, then looked all around the garden. There were no flowers in the yard, so the bud thought, "This is my world, and I am the most beautiful in the world."

She heard the bee whispering to his friend how he would like to take honey from her when she grew up, and also she heard the butterfly and the blue bird whispering of her.

She dreamed of beautiful things that waited for her. She decorated herself as fast as she could, and soon she was grown up. She threw her sweet odor everywhere and waited for the friends to come. And they did come. The bees took the honey from her, the butterfly danced for her, the blue bird sang and told stories which he heard while traveling. Many other bugs sang and danced around her. Rose was so happy. And she did not know how to rest.

Hours passed by.

The next morning when she woke up from her dreams she found that her petals were drooping. Her body was tired. She saw that she was no longer the only beautiful flower in the garden. Already the bees, butterfly and blue bird had found new buds and flowers in the garden.

Her day was over, for they had all turned from her to the new flowers.

She hung her head and went back to long, long sleep again.

MASA SUGUIRA.

## THE LITTLE BURGLAR

I woke up in the middle of the night. What was that queer noise, and what was that soft, moist thing rubbing my face? Weren't all the doors locked? Why, even my light was on! I sat up, rather dazed and a little frightened. There stood my father by the side of my bed. He had evidently just arrived from his trip. On the bed beside him sat a little brown puppy,, contentedly licking my face. He was an Australian water spaniel. You can imagine how happy I was when my father told me I could keep him for my very own.

BARBARA PEPPER.

## MILK TO SPARE

Little Joan, aged four, who was spending a week with her aunt in the country, had developed a liking for milk. One day, having drunk as much as her aunt thought was good for her, she was told that she could not have any more. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the indignant little miss, "I don't see why you have to be so stingy with your old milk. There're two whole cows full out in the barn."

ROBERT G. RUSHFORTH, *Low Seventh.*

## HERE COMES THE SUN

"Here comes the sun!" What those words can mean! Gladness, sorrow, life, death, action, rest, beauty, and a great many other things all rolled into one moment.

To one who has spent the night in worry, sorrow, or fright, the arrival of the sun means almost unlimited joy. To some the coming of the sun means just another day of toil so dinner may be had at night. The morning sun may give new life to one, while to another the first rays of the sun looking through the window is a last blessing from this world. Think what the sun must mean to the miner who is underground all day, or to the night watchman who must sleep all day. The sun is a sign for nearly all of God's creatures to come to life.

The sun is one of God's greatest blessings to this world.

RALPH RICHARDSON, *Low Ninth.*

## MOONLIGHT

The red gold moon hangs low over the trees,  
Gently along she is blown by the breeze.  
A cloud intercepts, throwing soft, silver light,  
Making mountain and valley distinct in the night.

Fantastical, beautiful moon, she looks down  
On forest so quiet, on field and on town,  
On great foaming breakers that beat on the strand.  
The moon—she sees everything, men, beasts, and land.

IVA DEE.

## FIREFLY HUNTING IN JAPAN

Firefly hunting in Japan is their chief occupation during the summer evening. All the men and women freely and informally go. On warm evenings after dinner, dressed in thin and cool material, different parties saunter through the woodlands and fields with their nets to capture their fireflies.

They put them in tiny cages, and are used for light going to rooms in their homes. Not all of this hunting is devoted to sport and love, but to business in trade work. Many of the parents will buy them for their children. Some of these fireflies are of different variety; and are larger and give a more brilliant light.

HELEN KETTENBACH, *High Eighth.*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Garfield is an aristocratic school, for among its pupils are Lords, Kings, and Knights. The court is very pretty, and though we are not allowed to Chase each other across it, many a Fay has played on the Green in the middle. In the trees birds Carroll and there are Flowers in abundance. The boys all Leggett to school for fear they'll be arrested for Parkin' and get bad Marx. The head pupils of our school are Broadhead, Lockhead, and Whitehead. They Peck at all the Nutts of the school and get Little results. The Bakers in the cafeteria are good ones, though they sometimes put too much Pepper in the Hamm. The Cook is hardly ever Cross, and though the Rice is sometimes like Stone, almost everything goes smoothly. Most of us agree that Garfield is the best school in the Berg.

## TO MY DOG

Garfield School,  
Berkeley, California,  
October 2, 1930.

Dear Carlo:

I am so sorry you didn't like the way I cut the hair on your tail. I only meant to make you look like a lion. I had no idea you felt so badly over it. My friends thought you looked so cute with a tassel on the end of your tail and I thought you looked adorable, but if you don't like it I want you to know I am sorry. When your hair grows out again we will just leave it as nature meant it to be. In the meantime I hope we will be good friends.

Affectionately,  
VIRGINIA GERLING, *High Seventh.*

## AUTUMN IN CALIFORNIA

Autumn in California is a wonderful sight with its trees in all shades of green and golden brown, its balmy air that makes one feel sleepy and rested, its purple mountains on one side and the blue sea on the other, and the beautiful sunsets made up of all colors of the rainbow.

Autumn in California is just the time when the prettiest flowers bloom in all the colors nature has made. I like to sit in the garden in the warm sunshine and watch the birds and butterflies fly about me. I sometimes lie on my back and watch the clouds roll on and on. The sky is usually an azure blue. From my home, you can see through the Golden Gate. Oh! Such a sight. The waters of the bay, in the bright sunlight, look like an immense plain of silver.

Autumn in California is truly a delightful season.

CHARLOTTE BEEBE, *Low Seventh.*

## GARFIELD STUDENTS WHO HAVE LIVED IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Since we all know that California is the best state in which to live and the Garfield School is the best school in that state, it is natural that many pupils are attracted here from all parts of the world.

In a recent survey of the entire school, it has been found that more pupils have lived in Canada and the Hawaiian Islands than any other places in the world.

The following pupils have lived in Canada:

David Baird	Winifred Mineard	Charles Smith
Lloyd Beauchamp	Fred Miner	Edward Smith
Kenneth Burt	Christine McPhee	Bud Squires
Ward Carlson	Bob Neilson	Annie Tufts
Floy Clark	Jessie Neilson	Herbert Yates
Bob Clifford	Margaret Ochoa	Norman Yates
Alma Davis	Bill Ogilvie	Audrey Zimmerman
George Davis	Diana Patterson	Hilda Zimmerman
Douglas Ford	William Peebles	
George Ford	Robert Pickett	<i>From the Hawaiian Islands</i>
Virginia Guild	Edward Prosser	Helen Arnold
Robert Hamilton	Lawrence Redgwick	Irene Jacoleff
Lou Harrison	Phyllis Renouf	Betty Kirk
Stanley Innes	Lyle Reusch	Don Langford
Dan Langford	Marian Reynolds	Marjorie Leigh
Gwyneth Llewellyn	Tressa Richards	Preston Rowe
Harold Llewellyn	Adele Ryan	Cara Sawyer
June Mackedie	Renwickk Smedburg	Gordon Sawyer
David Hanley		Morgan Saylor

Twenty-five other countries are represented as follows:

<i>Mexico</i>	Morgan Saylor	<i>Germany</i>	<i>Ireland</i>
Mary Montgomery	Richard Stroebe	Dane Burwell	Harry Moore
Diana Patterson		Walter Latimer	
Albert Pico	<i>Scotland</i>	Richard Richarz	<i>India</i>
Carol Richards	Joe Dunbar	Aleida Vornholt	Hester Bembauer
Jonathan Sauer	Winfred Kincaid		
Bud Squires	Dan Lochead	<i>Panama</i>	<i>Guam</i>
Kathleen Thomas	Christine McPhee	Jack Connolly	Wallace Holt
	Harry Pick	Jacqueline Duckett	
<i>Japan</i>		Loraine Grubbs	<i>South America</i>
Robert Iki	<i>Australia</i>		Stellamaris Lapraik
Dan Langford	Lois Jones	<i>Sweden</i>	
Toshio Morishita	Jean Lockhead	Ethel Carlson	<i>Tabiti</i>
Nellie Shneyeroff	Mildred Pughe	Herbert Carlson	Odette Stuart
Masa Sugiura	Jack Willis	Chiyoko Satoda	
Frank Tanaka	Bernard Woolf	<i>Java</i>	<i>Italy</i>
		Nancy MacPherson	Walter Latimer
<i>England</i>	<i>France</i>	Jack Schlete	
Wilfred Kincaid	Edward Fay		<i>Holland</i>
Walter Latimer	Philip Hawkins	<i>Russia</i>	Aleida Vornholt
Jean Parkin	Walter Latimer	Tania Pchelkin	
Hortense Raven	Hortense Raven	Nellie Shneyeroff	<i>Belgium</i>
Patricia Rushton	Aleida Vornholt		Aleida Vornholt
James Whittingham		<i>Denmark</i>	
	<i>China</i>	Eilen Anderson	<i>Cuba</i>
<i>Philippines</i>	Tania Pchelkin	Barney Neilson	Alice Porterfield
Bill Abry	Hortense Raven		
Helen Arnold	Morgan Saylor	<i>Switzerland</i>	
Wilfred Kincaid	Richard Stroebe	Hortense Raven	<i>French Indo-China</i>
Janet Lerch	Keong Tom	Richard Stroebe	Bill Abry

If some omissions have been made, reports from some of the advisories were sent in too late.

*Survey made by* PATRICIA TUDBURY.

## A WONDERFUL GAME

It was the opening night of the first and only pee wee golf course in North City. True, it had been open all day, but now around 8:00 o'clock there were crowds standing at the fences watching the players. Every few minutes the five-piece orchestra would strike up some popular song. In the center of the grounds was a huge brick fireplace, with about ten people comfortably seated in wicker chairs, talking and watching the fire's ruddy blaze. This was the rush they had been waiting for, when, after dinner, the people of the town would come down to the course to watch or to play.

Mr. and Mrs. Henley sat at the window of a rustic little log cabin, giving out golf clubs and brightly painted balls to those who arrived. They had spent all of the money they had saved up for years, several thousand dollars, to build this beautiful course, and now, to see the people pouring into them, was certainly thrilling.

After two hours the first show at the theater would be over, and again they would have a rush. Thus thought Mrs. Henley as a new piece started from the orchestra and shouts from the course were heard. Above all she said to her husband, "I think we have spent our money wisely."

It was five months later. It was drizzling. It had been raining off and on all day. Mrs. Henley sat again at the little rustic window, looking at the empty course. Her thoughts wandered back over the period since the course had opened. A new and more modern course had been built in North City. The people flocked to it as they once had flocked to hers. They had made nothing; she was in debt for what the course had cost. Had they spent their money wisely?

BARBARA SCHUESSLER, *High Eighth*.

## A KNIGHT OF TODAY

Harry Wetsel, son of a wealthy manufacturer, went to work in his father's factory to learn the business from the "ground up." His father was anxious to retire, and wanted Harry to succeed him. But one day he was reprimanded by his father for not doing well the small tasks given him, and also for not treating kindly his fellow-workmen. In a very resentful mood, he left the shop early and went straight to his room. He threw himself on his bed and lay there thinking until the chilly room reminded him of the lateness of the hour.

He had decided to chuck everything, go out into the world alone, and do something really great! He would become a great knight! He would go to Palestine and help the Jews win back their country from the Arabs. He would show England where they were not treating the Jews fairly.

He arose early the next morning, and without a word to anyone, got into his trimotored plane and made a non-stop flight to New York. Here he purchased a bullet-proof vest and an automatic revolver. He shipped his plane, and went by boat to Liverpool, England. From Liverpool he flew to Marseilles, France. At Marseilles he shipped his plane, and went by boat to Haifa, a port of Palestine. From Haifa he flew to Jerusalem.

At once he began organizing the Jews for war. But it wasn't long before the English heard of it and ordered his arrest. He disguised himself as a wandering Jew and hid for months among the poor in Jerusalem. These poor people shared with him their meager crusts of bread or their bowl of thin soup. Harry learned how it felt to go to sleep on the bare ground with an empty stomach.

After many weeks of suffering and suspense, Harry managed, one dark night, to get away safely in his plane. After getting assistance from his father, he went back to his home and to his father's factory.

A great change had come over him. He was kind to the workmen in the shop and to the servants in his father's home; the poor were never turned away empty-handed; and he did well the small tasks at hand. He had become a true knight.

JOHN CAVE, *High Eighth*.

## AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY

Three men set out into nowhere,  
In a balloon as trim as you please.  
They drifted, and drifted, and drifted,  
Across the wintry seas.

But luck, false luck, was against them,  
Their balloon became coated with ice,  
It weighed them down to the water,  
Their position was far from nice.

They were up in the Arctic Ocean,  
Their food supply was good,  
But the winter was long, and the winter  
was cold,  
And it froze them where they stood.

So they took their sleds and were walking,  
They had walked many miles that day,  
When the ice broke up underneath them,  
For winter was going away.

They were stranded on a small island,  
Their homes were miles away,  
Their food was almost eaten,  
The sun shone night and day.

They couldn't attract attention,  
No ship ever passed that way  
But that it turned itself about,  
And went the other way.

At last there was nothing left to eat,  
They grew weaker every day,  
When the youngest among them died,  
And they buried him in the bay.

The days roll by in the Northland.  
For them there is no day,  
They sleep the sleep of the departed,  
Their souls are far away.

ISOBEL DOUGLAS, *Low Ninth*.

A moss-grown well in a woodland dell,  
And flowers that nod in the breeze,  
A lark a-wing while the thrushes sing,  
Perched high in the white birch trees.

A barren spot now a city lot,  
With only an old ruined well  
No bird in flight, no flower in sight,  
Gone now is the leafy dell.

JEANNE EASTMAN, *Low Eighth*.

## COLUMBA

Olim parva columba,  
Sedit in alba mensa.  
Vidit tum Claudiam,  
Itaque ut ad silvam.

RICHARD HEMP, *Low Seventh*.

## AN AUTUMN RIDDLE

They are seen on the trees,  
They are seen on the ground,  
They are seen in the air,  
Whirling softly around;  
They sing rustling songs  
As our footsteps they hear,  
And their name is well known,  
For they come every year.  
HERBERT BOLSTAD, *High Seventh*.

## AUTUMN

The days are getting shorter now.  
The nights have longer grown.  
The farmer, in the harvest fields,  
Reaps what he has sown.

The jay calls loudly from the trees;  
And crows caw from the fields,  
Searching in the ground for food —  
The treasure that earth yields.

Within the homes at even tide,  
While shrill the kettle sings —  
We thank the Giver of good gifts  
For all the harvest brings.

SHIRLEY BROWN, *Low Ninth*.

## THE COMPLAINT OF A GLEANER

I am a Garfield Gleaner.  
My pages are torn and soiled,  
And my cover whose colors were once so  
bright  
Is faded and ruthlessly spoiled.

But I was not always this way;  
Once I was young and new.  
My pages were white as a mountain snow,  
My cover a lively bright blue.

Those days are gone forever.  
Now I am old and bent,  
A condition my careless owner  
Will always and ever repent.

ALVA ROSEDALE, *Low Seventh*.

## AUTUMN

Autumn is here! Autumn is here!  
Russet leaves, in gay attire  
Fall gently—tripping and dancing  
As they go, like sparks of fire!

Maple, elm, and sycamore leaves  
Float so merrily on high!  
All the birds are southward bound,  
For the wintry days are nigh!

ROSALYN HUNTER, *Low Eighth*.

## A BALLAD OF MY DOG

I have a plucky dog named Buck,  
His hair is white and stiff and long,  
A funny pup, oh boy! What luck  
To have a terrier friend so strong.

He did not like the cat at first,  
She climbed a tree when he gave chase,  
But now her children boldly durst  
To polish up his ears and face.

At night Buck sleeps upon my bed  
And if a stranger but draw nigh  
He barks enough to wake the dead;  
Then he lies down and heaves a sigh.

MARDIS GLEASON, *Low Ninth*.

## AN EVENING

As I sit alone at evening,  
When the darkening shadows fall,  
I often go a-dreaming  
Till I hear the Sandman's call.

I do not dream of castles,  
Great halls or marble stairs,  
Nor yet of lords and vassals,  
Of pomp and stately airs.

But of a cabin in a vale,  
Far from the city's roar,  
With flowers blooming everywhere  
And sunshine at my door.

NORMA TOMLINSON, *Low Eighth*.

On Garfield's courts that sultry day,  
The tense and anxious crowd  
Watched our boys in their gripping fray,  
And their cheers were long and loud.

Hard fought had been the game thus far,  
Our boys seemed worn and tired;  
Cheer them we did, for they were ours,  
They played as if inspired.

From grim defeat our boys with might  
Saved our school that day,  
True to their banner, orange and white,  
Brought victory to the fray.

ESTHER MERVIN, *Low Ninth*.

## MY PUP

I have a cute little puppy dog,  
He is yellow up to his head,  
His ears are brown and so are his eyes,  
And his nose is the color of lead.

Some boys call him an ugly cur,  
And Mom doesn't like him very well,  
But I just think he's a lovely dog,  
And I love him more than I can tell.

He knows just lots of tricks, he does,  
He's an awful clever little pup;  
When I get big I'll take those boys  
Who 'sulted my dog, and beat 'em up.

LENORE HENNESSEY, *Low Eighth*.

## A PUMPKIN

Whats that thing  
Over the fence,  
With glaring eyes  
And a mouth with dents,  
And the light inside  
That flares up, and dies?

I know what it is—  
Should have guessed it before.  
It's a jolly old pumpkin  
At Susie's front door.

MAZEL MCKEE, *High Seventh*.

## HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE

There was once a small girl by the name of Sue Green  
Who decided this night to go out Hallowe'en.  
She said, "I aren't scared," so how bravely she fared  
We will find out by watching Sue Green.

Hither glided a ghost from some Hallowe'en fray,  
Made from a slip and a sheet, I dare say.  
But this made no difference to little Sue Green,  
Who ran helter-skelter and also did scream.

She bumped into a goblin which heightened her fright,  
And faster she ran right on into the night.  
She trod on the tail of a little black cat,  
Who naturally cried both "meow" and "skat."

What Sue thought it was I really don't know,  
Perhaps some unearthly being — and so  
Onward she fled for fear of its curse,  
And thus as she ran she found something worse.

Along stalked a witch (her sister, by chance)  
And grabbed the small tyke and in made her prance  
To some stygian cave that was haunted by bats  
And found herself home in her own little flats.

Behold now, small children, the fate of Sue Green,  
So don't try your luck and go out Hallowe'en.  
And take as a warning, my dear little friend,  
The adventurous Sue and also her end.

JEANNETTE BUSHNELL, *Low Ninth.*

## THE WOLVES' REVENGE

The wind swept cold o'er the northland wastes,  
And the wolves howled loud and long;  
The trapper was lost, so he made great haste  
As he trudged through the wintry storm.

His dog was dead, killed by the wolves  
Which followed his drifting trail.  
From time to time their cry was heard,  
Which made his strong heart quail.

His food was gone, his soles were worn,  
His rifle was covered with ice.  
The wolves crept near, his eyes showed fear,  
And he crossed himself full thrice.

\* \* \*

In the spring men found his white, bleached bones,  
Under the melting snow.  
They piled the bones beneath large stones  
And then they left him so.

GWYNNE SHARRER, *Low Ninth.*

## BALLAD TO THE BOY WHO COULD NOT BE BRIBED

The hunt was on; and noble men  
Came riding down through field and glen.  
Their steeds were swift, their hearts were gay,  
They little thought of farmer's hay.

The farmer to his plow boy said,  
"They'll tramp that grain, just come to head.  
Shut fast the gate, and do not yield,  
I want no hunters in my field!

The angry huntsmen thus delayed  
First threatened they would have him flayed;  
Then offered coin, a tempting booty,  
The boy stood firm—he knew his duty.

A stately man then forward came,  
"My boy, you do not know my name,  
When I command 'tis not in fun  
For I'm the Duke of Wellington."

The boy was awed by this great man,  
Great tales of wars through his brain ran;  
He doffed his hat, and filled with pride,  
With confidence to the Duke replied:

"The Duke of Wellington would be  
The last to ask neglect of me.  
My master gave me his commission,  
To pass you must have his permission."

The Duke was pleased and raised his hat  
"All honor to a boy like that,  
An army made of such as he  
Would conquer all the world for me."

ROBERT WOOD, *Low Ninth.*

## GARFIELD

Garfield is the school to see;  
Ambitious we all try to be,  
Respectful to our teachers dear,  
Friendly to our friends sincere,  
Industrious in our daily needs,  
Endless joy when work succeeds,  
Loyal to our mother school,  
Dutiful students keep its rule.

MARJORIE WIND, *High Seven.*

## WILLOW TREE, EMBLEM OF SPRING

Oh, sad tree  
Oh, beautiful tree,  
Why do you weep all day?  
Dainty birds nest in your branches —  
Happy children 'neath you playing,  
Soft spring breezes 'round you sighing,  
Dressed in silken, pure, green leaves  
Waving gently in the breeze.  
Picture of beauty!  
Emblem of Spring!  
Bringer of Happiness!  
Made by Him  
Who alone can cause  
The flowers to grow,  
The birds to sing,  
Your leaves to blow —  
Oh, willow tree!  
Surrounded by happiness  
Nothing but joy,  
And yet you weep.  
Ah, it is but vain I would  
Hear the story of your grief.

FRANCES L. COLBY, *High Seventh.*

## THE TROOPERS

Out of the sunset they rode,  
A mass of glory and gold,  
Their young hearts beating high,  
Their victory unfortold.  
All this splendor dashed  
To ruin in gory dust?  
Whether they lived or died,  
Uphold their flag they must.  
On through the night they rode,  
Forever and ever on.  
Out of this life they passed  
Into the great beyond.  
Dying a glorious death,  
Such as all heroes will.  
Defeated? Never defeated!  
To us they are glorious still.

BETTY MARX, *Low Eighth.*

## THE WEDDING OF THE BUTTERFLIES

In the merry green wood near Carmel town,  
Is the fairies' magic ring;  
Where the fairies dance till the sun goes down  
And the little birds do sing.

As one day I drowsed 'neath a towering tree,  
A crowd of butterflies gay  
Danced and fluttered about and said to me,  
"We are all glad to see you today.

For your friends "Wee" and "Woo" will be wed  
tonight  
In the dim cathedral tisle;  
And you will be bridesmaid in colors so bright."  
So I answered with a smile:

"It will give me delight to be here with you,  
Mortal guest of the butterflies —  
For tonight and always for "Wee" and "Woo"  
My prayers will reach the skies."

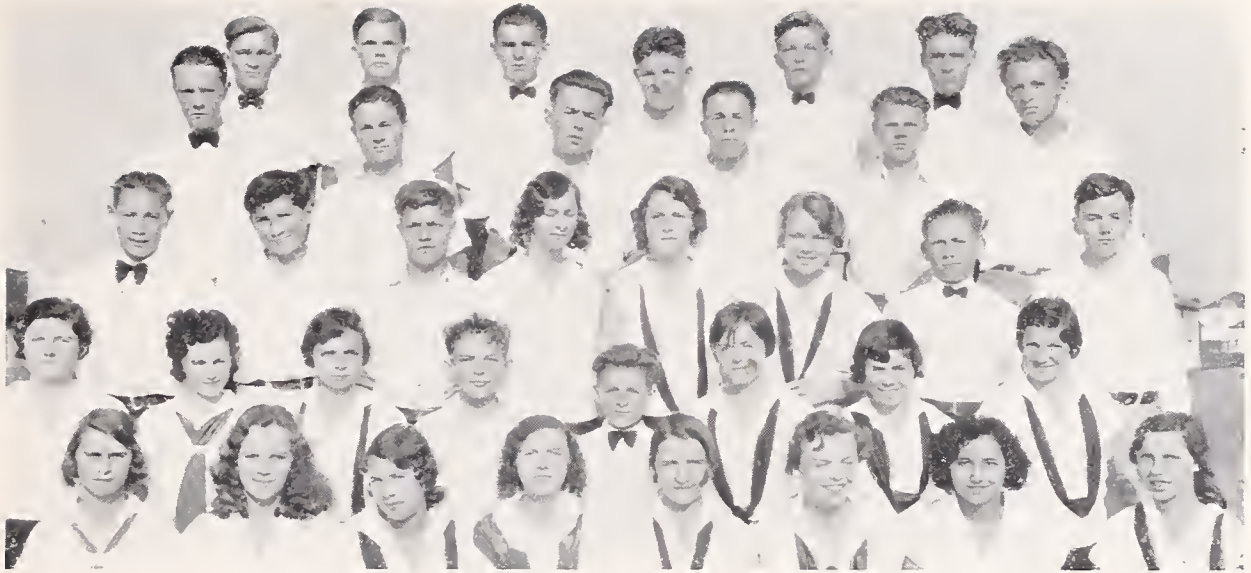
Now the wedding took place at the full of the moon  
At the witching hour of nine.  
This wonderful sight I'll not forget soon,  
The colors were so fine.

For the pastel tones of beautiful "Wee"  
And the yellows and blacks of bold "Woo"  
With the hues of the guests blended charmingly  
While the stars shone down on the view.

They were wed by a big nipper beetle so green,  
Six meadow larks sang the march —  
There were beetles, bees, birds and bugs at the scene,  
All seated under an arch.

We drank nectar from flowers; they sailed away  
On a beam of golden moon.  
With this glorious sight, forever and aye  
May my heart be in perfect tune.

PATRICIA BREED TUDBURY, *Low Ninth.*



## GARFIELD MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

### THE A CAPELLA CHORUS

Garfield, as usual, has been right up with the times. In August of this year, the idea of an a capella chorus was introduced to the school. In a comparatively short time, a group, under the leadership of Mrs. Smith, made its initial appearance. The occasion was Fathers' Night, September 24th. The songs presented were "God of Our Fathers" and "Gloria Patri." A duet, "The Prayer" from "Hansel and Gretel," was sung by Lois Smith and Jack Broderick. The second appearance was made before the P. T. A. on December 9th.

A capella means in the church or chapel style; that is, vocal music, unaccompanied. Absolute pitch, ability to read music, and an ear sensitive to harmony are the qualifications necessary for membership.

The members are: First sopranos—Travis Bogard, Susanne Chapman, Helen Foss, Marion Gallagher, Dorothy Tufts, Helen Honore, Helene Hyerie, Raymond Strobe, Jessie Nielson, Esther Oas, Alice Paul, Edith Raftery, Lois Smith, Bud Squires. Second sopranos—Mary Finch, Jane Anderson, Jack Broderick, Audrey Haskins, Dorothy Kinzel, Burton Marliave, Marie Naphan, Barbara Samson. Alto tenors—Max Fiedler, Jim Luthin, Earl Mann, Elton Nippres, Paul Norton, Ralph Rawson, Lyle Reusch. Bass—Roland Anderson, Philip Brecht, George Davis, Robert Herner, Linwood Loring, George Tolson, Kistler Waggy, Ralph Cook.

### GLEE CLUBS

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Johnson, and the Boys' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss White, have been meeting regularly and making fine progress, but owing to the shortness of the term and the stress of other activities, they have not presented their usual number of programs. Their program before the Parent-Teacher Association was a credit to both themselves and the school. We congratulate them.

### BAND AND ORCHESTRA

The Band and Orchestra, both under the direction of Mr. Minzyk, have been working very hard. They are rapidly developing new material to replace the losses of last year's graduating class. The Band has forty-six members, the Orchestra forty-two.



TENNIS TEAM

# BLOCK "G" SOCIETY and ATHLETIC TEAMS



BLOCK "G" SOCIETY



TACKLE TEAM



9<sup>TH</sup> GRADE VOLLEYBALL



8<sup>TH</sup> GRADE VOLLEYBALL



HIGH 8 GIRLS VOLLEYBALL TEAM



HIGH 9 GIRLS VOLLEYBALL TEAM

## GARFIELD FALL SPORTS

With the close of the 1930 inter-school competition, we find Garfield annexing the fourth volleyball championship in five years. The orange and white teams took the title in 1926, 1927, and 1929, being tied for the pennant in 1928 by Edison. Garfield's teams this fall, under the leadership of Captain "Sticky" Mann and Captain Roland Bauer, were undefeated, the opponents' scores, although never being close (with the exception of Edison), were always hotly contested, and the Garfield athletes deserve a great deal of credit for finishing a season with such success. The "boost and kill" system of intensive volleyball employed by Coaches Chastain and Corley worked to great advantage.

Garfield has been given much praise and credit for the manner in which her noon-leagues are organized and run off, and the fine spirit of sportsmanship which is developed therefrom. This inter-mural program consists of such games as volleyball, speedball, passball, and association football.

The playground tackle football team did not emerge as victorious as our school teams, but the valuable experience received by the players will mean much to them when they enter high school competition.

Garfield's tennis squad, under Coach Perry, has engaged in a series of practice matches this fall, designed to put the racketeers into tip-top shape for their inter-school competition in the spring.

This year's record of "the defenders of the orange and the white" is one of which to be proud, for out of five inter-school sports, Garfield has taken the championship in three; namely, handball, tennis, and volleyball. Next year we hope to win all five.

RICHARD ROBIE.

WILLIAM McNAMARA.

## GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

The girls' volleyball teams have second place in the inter-city games this term. Edison has the first place. The city championship is divided, the boys being undefeated.

The Garfield girls won over Willard in the first set of games.

The same with Burbank in the second set.

The third and last games, with Edison, were the hardest. The eighth grade won, but the ninth grade lost.

Most of our success is due to our coaches, Mrs. Davis and Miss Stout.

Garfield congratulates all the teams for their good sportsmanship.

MARY MASTERS, *High Ninth.*

## BLOCK G SOCIETY

The Block G Society started out this year with only ten fellows left from the term before. There have been a couple of successful initiations this year. With the new members who won their letters in volleyball, there is now a membership of nineteen.

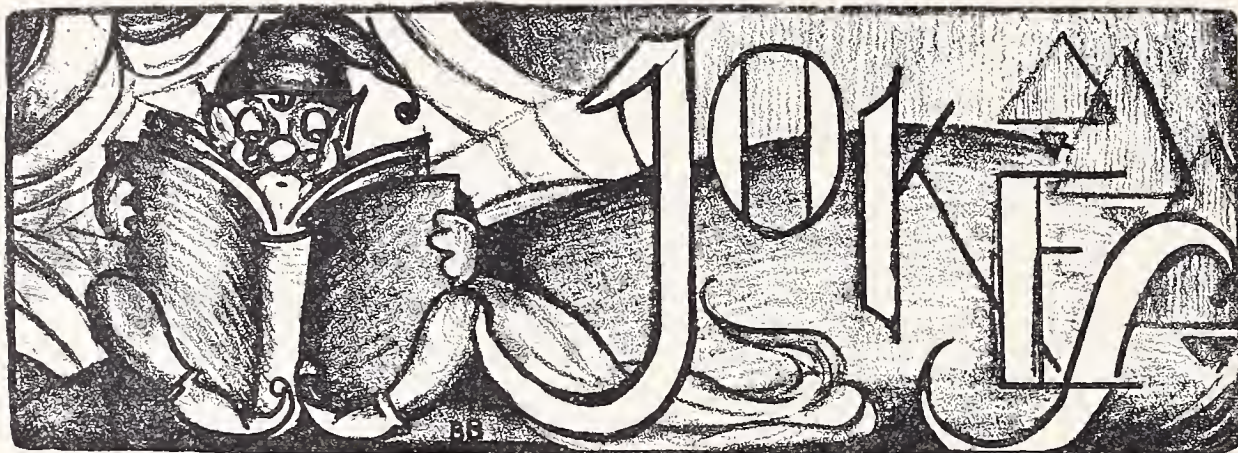
The society has been very active in school affairs. We have given a dance and taken care of other school activities, such as the Library Day dance and ushering at entertainments. A group of boys in the society took part in the Library Day parade, as an athletic group.

The boys in the high ninth grade were given an Italian dinner by those boys who will be here next year. This is a semi-annual event and marks the close of our semester's activities.

ROLAND BAUFER.

## THE TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis Club, under the sponsorship of Mr. Perry, is comprised of seven members. They played seven games with Richmond high schools, the Longfellow and Roosevelt. They won three of these games and were defeated by four games, thereby losing the championship. Three of the members received their "G's."



—Byron Brodrick

Mother: Well, Jimmy, do you think your teacher likes you?

Jimmy: I think so, mummy, because she marks a big kiss (X) on all my 'rithmetic.

#### LIMERICK

"I've heard," said a skeptical flea,  
 "That an elephant's not like a tree.  
 But I think it's the bunk,  
 For they both have a trunk,  
 And both are as tough as can be."

There was an old man from New Haven,  
 Who thought he'd make money by savin',  
 But every darn time  
 He saved up a dime,  
 He decided ten cents weren't worth savin'.

A certain young lady named Patton,  
 Taught history and didn't do tattin';  
 If the kids didn't study,  
 Her looks would get muddy;  
 She could certainly make them feel sat on.

Here lies J. Whoozis.  
 He was no saint,  
 And we hope he is now  
 Where we think he ain't.

The pup, the pup, the beautiful pup,  
 Drinking his milk from a china cup,  
 Gamboling round so frisk and free,  
 First gnawing a bone, then hunting a flea,  
 Jumping and running after the pony,  
 Beautiful pup, you will soon be baloney.

Teacher: John, who was it that said, "They shall not pass"?

John Carroll: A teacher.

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#### OLD JOKE CONTENDER

Q. How can you make an Englishman happy when he is old?

A. Tell him a joke when he is young.

Did you hear about the Scotchman that walked ten miles to a ball game and then was too tired to climb over the fence?

#### EXPLAINING HIS SIT-UATION

Pat, upon entering a crowded street car, was jolted into a nearby lady's lap when the car started suddenly.

Indignant Lady: Here, what kind of a man are you, anyway?

Pat: Shure, I always thought I was an Irishman, but now I think I must be a Lap-lander.

Excerpt from John Carroll's composition on the Greeks: "The Greeks had but one wife, a system they called 'Monotony'."

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TIES, HATS CLEANED AND  
BLOCKED

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NEAR BANCROFT

There was a young groom from Boston,  
For his honeymoon purchased an Austin;  
There was just room inside  
For his heavyweight bride,  
So the groom hung out, and she lost 'im.

Some people wash their faces  
Each morning in a sink;  
I use a drinking fountain  
And do it while I drink.

Don't worry if your C's are many  
And your A's are few;  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

BUD DANIELSON.

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### RECIPE FOR APPLE FRITTERS

First catch your fritter. Be sure that it is a young fritter. The way to tell the age of a fritter is to count its teeth. Remove the shell and add a pitcher of apple sauce. Place this in a saucepan and tease it with a pinch of baking soda. Let it simmer two hours. Serve hot and smile rapidly when eating. Laughter always aid digestion.

↑

When Mr. Chastain reached home from school he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, Harold!" she sobbed. "I had baked a lovely coke, and I put it out on the porch for the frosting to dry and the dog ate it!"

"Well, don't cry about it, sweetheart," he consoled, patting the pretty, flushed cheek. "I know a man who will give us another dog."

↑

Airman (who has fallen from plane to top of tree): I was trying to make a record.

Farmer: Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up first.

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Angry Widow (after learning husband left her nothing): I want you to take "Rest in Peace" off that tombstone I ordered yesterday.

Stonecutter: I can't do that, but I can put something underneath.

Widow: All right. Put "Till I Come."

English Tourist: Pardon, sir, but what do you do with all of that corn?

American Farmer: Well, we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can.

Englishman's Wife: What did he say, John?

English Tourist: He said they ate what they could, and what they couldn't they could.

A young woman is pastor of a church in a small western town. One day she was called to the parsonage door to find a young German peasant.

"Dey said der minister liffed in dis house," he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Vell, I—I—I want to kit merrit."

"Very well. I can marry you."

"Oh, but I got a girl already!" was the disconcerted reply.

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Jean: Mother, why did you marry daddy?

Mother: So you're beginning to wonder, too?

Di dyou make the debating team?

N-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-ta'll enough.

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Little Mary had been taught politeness. One day the minister called, and Mary, waiting a pause in the conversation, remarked: "I hear we soon are to have the pleasure of losing you."

↑

Tony: I hear that Amos and Andy are going to be a failure in the films.

Mr. Hennessey: Hmm. I wonder why?

Tony: I was looknig through the paper and I read Pepsodent destroys the film.

↑

Possible Employer: But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing you know nothing about the work.

Applicant: But, you see, not knowin' the work makes it much harder for me.

↑

Contrib.: What's the matter with these jokes I sent you?

Ed.: Well, some of them I've seen before. The rest I haven't seen yet.

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"I suppose you've been through algebra?"

"Yes, but I went through at night and couldn't see it."



The following letter was received recently by a company which manufactures corn syrup:

Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your corn syrup, my feet are no better now than when I started."



Teacher: Use the word "tortuous" in a sentence.

Student: I tortuous going to give us a vacation today.



Two boys were fishing, but they were new at the game.

"Got a bite yet, Jack?"

"No," said Jack. "I don't believe my worm's half trying."

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Mrs. Hoover: Why haven't you your home work?"

Jack Carlquist: Why, I didn't know we were to have that for today. You see, I wasn't here yesterday and didn't know the assignment. I tried to call up somebody, but the phone was out of order, and anyway, I lost my book, so I didn't have time to study, and I was going to come early this morning to find out from somebody, but the alarm didn't go off and the clock was slow, and when I did get here I asked somebody and he told me wrong, and anyway, I don't understand what we've been having very well.

GEORGE REED, *Low Eighth.*

Dave had just gotten home from playing with another boy. He said to his mother: "John's dog is going to die in July."

His mother said, "How do you know?"

"It says on his collar, 'Expires in July'."

Sam: Do yuh refuse to pay me dat two dollahs I lent you?

Rastus: Oh, no, sah. Ah don't refuse. Ah jes' refrains.

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Scrub (at the P. O.): I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please.  
Clerk (producing a sheet of one hundred twos): How many do you want?  
Scrub (pointing to the one in the center): I'll take that one, sir.

Irate Mother (at dinner): Johnny, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?

Johnny: Yes, mother, but my arm is longer.

"If you think your food at home is bad, try ours." (Sign seen in a restaurant in Reeds Point, Montana.)

Jack: Didja hear about the Scotchman who spelled innocent "inno"?

Joe: No. Why did he?

Jack: That way he saved a cent every time he spelled it.

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Cott  
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Thomas Adams

John Freshwater

David Weeks

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# Signatures

*[Faint handwritten signature]*





